832. a. 22.
4.

THE

MALE-COQUETTE:

OR,

Seventeen Hundred Fifty-Seven.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE

MALE-COQUETTE:

OR,

Seventeen Hundred Fifty-Seven.

In TWO ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

In DRURY-LANE.

——*Jacentem lenis in Hoſtem.* VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-Street*, in the *Strand*. MDCCLVII.

THE

MALE-COQUETTE:

OR,

Seventeen Hundred Fifty-Seven.

In TWO ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

In DRURY LANE.

Price Two Shillings. Vivo.

LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, facing Southampton Street,
in the Strand. M.DCC.LVII.

THE following Scenes were written with no other View than to ſerve Mr. *Woodward* laſt Year at his Benefit; and to expoſe a Set of People, (the *Daffodils*) whom the Author thinks more prejudicial to the Community, than the various Characters of *Bucks*, *Bloods*, *Flaſhes* and *Fribbles*, which have by Turns infeſted the Town, and been juſtly ridicul'd upon the Stage. He expects no Mercy from the Critics: But the more indulgent Public, perhaps, will excuſe his Endeavours to pleaſe them, when they ſhall know, that the Performance was plan'd, written, and acted in leſs than a Month.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

By Mr. GARRICK.

WHY to this Farce this Title given,
Of Seventeen Hundred Fifty Seven?
Is it a Regiſter of Faſhions,
Of Follies, Frailties, fav'rite Paſſions?
Or is't deſign'd to make appear,
How happy, good, and wiſe you were,
In this ſame memorable *Year?*
Sure with our Author Wit was ſcarce,
To croud ſo many Virtues in a Farce.
Perhaps 'tis meant to make you ſtare,
Like Cloths hung out at Country Fair;
On which ſtrange Monſters glare and grin,
To draw the gaping Bumpkins in.——
Tho' 'tis the Genius of the Age,
To catch the Eye with Title-Page;
Yet here we dare not ſo abuſe ye——
We have ſome Monſters to amuſe ye.

Ye Slaves to Faſhion, Dupes of Chance;
Whom Fortune leads her fickle Dance:
Who, as the Dice *ſhall ſmile or frown,*
Are rich and poor, and up and down;
Whoſe Minds eternal Vigils keep;
Who—like Macbeth, *have murder'd Sleep!—*
Each modiſh Vice this Night ſhall riſe,
Like Banquo's *Ghoſt, before your Eyes;*

While,

PROLOGUE.

While, conſcious you, ſhall ſtart and roar ——
Hence, horrid Farce!—we'll ſee no more!—
—*Ye Ladies, too*—*Maids, Widows, Wives*—
Now tremble for your naughty Lives!
How will your Hearts go pit-a-pat?—
Bleſs me!—*Lord!*—*what's the Fellow at?*—
Was Poet e'er ſo rude before?
Why ſure the Brute will ſay no more—
Again!—*O Gad!*—*I cannot bear* ——
Here—*you Boxkeeper*,—*call my Chair:*
Peace, Ladies—*'tis a falſe Alarm* ——
To YOU *our Author means no Harm.*
His Female Failings all are Fictions:
To which your Lives are Contradictions.
Th' unnatural Fool has drawn a Plan,
Where Women like a worthleſs Man,
A Fault ne'er heard of ſince the World began.
This Year he lets you ſteal away—
But if the next you trip or ſtray;
His Muſe, he vows, on you ſhall wait,
In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-eight.

DRA-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Daffodil	Mr. *Woodward.*
Tukely	Mr. *Palmer.*
Lord *Racket*	Mr. *Blakes.*
Sir *William Whiſter*	Mr. *Burton.*
Sir *Tan-Tivy*	Mr. *Jefferſon.*
Spinner	Mr. *Walker.*
Dizzy	Mr. *Yates.*
Ruffle	Mr. *Uſher.*
Firſt Waiter	Mr. *Ackman.*
Second Waiter	Mr. *Atkins.*
Harry	Mr. *Clough.*

WOMEN.

Sophia	Miſs *Macklin.*
Arabella	Miſs *Minors.*
Mrs. *Dotterel*	Miſs *Barton.*
Widow *Damply*	Mrs. *Croſs.*
Lady *Fanny Pewit*	Mrs. *Bradſhaw.*

THE MALE-COQUETTE.

ACT I.

Enter ARABELLA, *and* SOPHIA *in Men's Cloaths.*

ARABELLA.

INDEED, my Dear, you'll repent this Frolic.

SOPHIA.

Indeed, my Dear, then it will be the firſt Frolic I ever repented in all my Life. Lookee, *Bell*, 'tis in vain to oppoſe me, for I am reſolv'd—the only Way to find out his Character, is to ſee him thus, and converſe freely with him. If he is the Wretch he is reported to be, I ſhall away with him at once; and if he is not, he will thank me for the Trial, and our Union will be the ſtronger.

ARABELLA.

I never knew a Woman yet, who had Prudence enough to turn off a pretty Fellow, becauſe he had a little more Wickedneſs than the reſt of his Neighbours.

SOPHIA.

Then I will be the firſt to ſet a better Example.—If I did not think a Man's Character was of ſome Conſequence, I ſhould not now run ſuch Riſques, and encounter ſuch Difficulties, to be better acquainted with it.

ARABELLA.

Ha, *Sophy!* if you have Love enough to be jealous, and Jealouſy enough to try theſe Experiments ——don't imagine, tho' you ſhould make terrible Diſcoveries, that you can immediately quit your Inclinations, with your Breeches; and return ſo very philoſophically to your Petticoats again, ha, ha!——

SOPHIA.

You may be as merry with my Weakneſſes, as you pleaſe, Madam; but I know my own Heart, and can rely upon it.

ARABELLA.

We are great Bullies by Nature; but Courage and Swaggering, are two Things, Couſin.

SOPHIA.

Since you are as little to be convinc'd, as I am to be perſuaded——your Servant—— [*Going.*

ARABELLA.

Nay, *Sophy*—This is unfriendly—if you are reſolv'd upon your Scheme, open to me without Reſerve, and I'll aſſiſt you.

SOPHIA.

Imprimis, then; I confeſs to you, that I have a kind of whimſical Attachment to *Daffodil*; not but I can ſee his Vanities, and laugh at 'em.

ARA-

ARABELLA.

And like him the better for 'em——

SOPHIA.

Pſhaw! don't plague me, *Bell*—my other Lover, the jealous Mr. *Tukely*——

ARABELLA.

Who loves you too well to be ſucceſsful——

SOPHIA.

And whom I really eſteem——

ARABELLA.

As a good Sort of Man, ha, ha, ha.

SOPHIA.

Nay, ſhou'd have lov'd him——

ARABELLA.

Had not a prettier Fellow ſtept in between, who perhaps does not care a Farthing for you——

SOPHIA.

That's the Queſtion, my Dear——*Tukely*, I ſay, either ſtung by Jealouſy, or unwilling to loſe me, without a Struggle, has intreated me to know more of his Rival, before I engage too far with him—— Many ſtrange Things he has told me, which have piqu'd me I muſt confeſs, and I am now prepar'd for the Proof.

ARABELLA.

You'll certainly be diſcover'd, and put to Shame.

SOPHIA.

I have ſecur'd my Succeſs already.

ARABELLA.

What do you mean?

SOPHIA.

I have ſeen him, convers'd with him, and am to meet him again to-day, by his own Appointment.

ARABELLA.

Madneſs!—— it can't be.

SOPHIA.

But it has been, I tell you——

ARABELLA.

How? how?——Quickly, quickly, dear *Sophy?*

SOPHIA.

When you went to Lady *Fanny*'s laſt Night, and left me, as you thought, little diſpos'd for a Frolic, I dreſs'd me as you ſee, call'd a Chair, and went to the *King's-Arms*——ask'd for my Gentleman, and was ſhewn into a Room——he immediately left his Company, and came to me.

ARABELLA.

I tremble for you.

SOPHIA.

I introduc'd myſelf as an *Italian* Nobleman, juſt arriv'd: *Il Marcheſe di Macaroni*——

ARABELLA.

Ridiculous!—ha, ha.

SOPHIA.

An Intimate of Sir *Charles Vainlove*'s, who is now at *Rome*—— I told him my Letters were with my Baggage, at the *Cuſtom-houſe*——He receiv'd me with all the Openneſs imaginable, and wou'd have introduc'd me to his Friends; I begg'd to be excus'd, but promis'd to attend him to-day, and am now ready, as you ſee, to keep my Word.

ARABELLA.

Aſtoniſhing!——and what did you talk about?

SOPHIA.

Of various Things—Women among the reſt; and tho' I have not abſolutely any open Acts of Rebellion againſt him, yet, I fear he is a Traytor at Heart——and then ſuch Vanity!——but I had not Time

to

to make great Diſcoveries——It was merely the Prologue—The Play is to come.

ARABELLA.

Act your Part well, or we ſhall hiſs you——

SOPHIA.

Never fear me; you don't know what a mad, raking, wild young Devil I can be, if I ſet my Mind to it, *Bell.* [*Laying hold of her.*

ARABELLA.

You fright me!—you ſhall poſitively be no Bedfellow of mine any longer.

SOPHIA.

I am reſolv'd to ruin my Woman, and kill my Man, before I get into Petticoats again.

ARABELLA.

Take Care of a Quarrel tho'——a Rival may be too rough with you.

SOPHIA.

No, no, Fighting is not the Vice of theſe Times; and as for a little Swaggering—damn it, I can do it as well as the beſt of 'em.

ARABELLA.

Huſh, huſh! Mr. *Tukely* is here——

SOPHIA.

Now for a Trial of Skill; if I deceive him, you'll allow that half my Buſineſs is done.

[*She walks aſide, takes out a Glaſs, and looks at the Pictures.*

Enter TUKELY.

TUKELY.

Your Servant Miſs *Bell*——I need not ask if Miſs *Sophy* be at home, for I believe I have ſeen her ſince you did.

ARABELLA.

Have you, Sir? You ſeem diſconcerted, Mr. *Tukely*: Has any Thing happen'd?

TUKELY.

A Trifle, Madam——but I was born to be trifled with, and to be made uneaſy at Trifles.

ARABELLA.

Pray, what trifling Affair has diſturb'd you thus?

SOPHIA.

What's the Matter now? [*Aſide.*

TUKLY.

I met Miſs *Sophy* this Moment in a Hackney Chair, at the End of the Street: I knew her by the Pink Negligeè; but upon my croſſing the Way to ſpeak to her, ſhe turn'd her Head away, laugh'd violently, and drew the Curtain in my Face.

SOPHIA.

So, ſo; well ſaid, Jealouſy. [*Aſide.*

ARABELLA.

She was in Haſte, I ſuppoſe, to get to her Engagement.

TUKELY.

Yes, yes, Madam; I imagine ſhe had ſome Engagement upon her Hands——But ſure, Madam, her great Deſire to ſee her more agreeable Friends, need not be attended with Contempt and Diſregard to the reſt of her Acquaintance.

ARABELLA.

Indeed, Mr. *Tukely*, I have ſo many Caprices, and Follies of my own, that I can't poſſibly anſwer for my Couſin's too.

SOPHIA.

Well ſaid, *Bell.* [*Aſide.*

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

Anſwer, Miſs!—No, Heav'n forbid you ſhould—for my Part, I have given up all my Hopes as a Lover, and only, now, feel for her as a Friend——and indeed as a Friend, a ſincere Friend—I can't but ſay, that going out in a Hackney Chair, without a Servant, and endeavouring to conceal herſelf, is ſomewhat incompatible with Miſs *Sophy*'s Rank and Reputation——This I ſpeak as a Friend——not as a Lover, Miſs *Bell*—pray mind that.

ARABELLA.

I ſee it very plainly, Mr. *Tukely*——and it gives me great Pleaſure, that you can be ſo indifferent in your Love, and yet ſo jealous in your Friendſhip.

TUKELY.

You do me Honour, Miſs, by your good Opinion.

[*Walks about, and ſees* Sophy.

Who's that, pray?

ARABELLA.

A Gentleman who is waiting for *Sophy*.

TUKELY.

I think ſhe has Gentlemen waiting for her every where.

SOPHIA.

I am afraid, Sir, [*coming up to him with her Glaſs*] you'll excuſe me, that notwithſtanding your Declaration, and this Lady's Compliments, there is a little of the Devil, call'd Jealouſy, at the Bottom of all this Uneaſineſs.

TUKELY.

Sir!——

SOPHIA.

I ſay, Sir, wear your Cloak as long as you pleaſe, the Hoof will peep out, take my Word for it.

TUKEDY.

Upon my Word, Sir, you are pleas'd to honour me with a Familiarity which I neither expected, or indeed deſired, upon ſo ſlight an Acquaintance.

SOPHIA.

I dare ſwear you did not.

[*Turns off, and hums a Tune.*

TUKELY.

I don't underſtand this!

ARABELLA:

This is beyond Expectation—— [*Aſide.*

SOPHIA.

I preſume, Sir, you never was out of *England*—

[*Picking her Teeth.*

TUKELY.

I preſume, Sir, that you are miſtaken—— I never was ſo fooliſhly fond of my own Country, to think that nothing good was to be had out of it; nor ſo ſhamefully ungrateful to it, to prefer the Vices and Fopperies of every other Nation, to the peculiar Advantages of my own.

SOPHIA.

Ha, ha; well ſaid, old *England*, i'faith—Now, Madam, if this Gentleman would put this Speech into a Farce, and properly lard it with Roaſt Beef, and Liberty, I wou'd engage the Galleries wou'd roar and halloo at it for half an Hour together—— Ha, ha, ha.

ARABELLA.

Now the Storm's coming. [*Aſide.*

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

If you are not engag'd, Sir, we'll adjourn to the next Tavern, and write this Farce between us.

SOPHIA.

I fancy, Sir, by the Information of your Face, that you are more inclin'd to Tragedy, than Comedy———

TUKELY.

I ſhall be inclin'd to treat you very ill, if you don't walk out with me.———

SOPHIA.

I have been treated ſo very ill already, in the little Converſation I have had with you, that you muſt excuſe my walking out for more of it; but if you'll perſuade the Lady to leave the Room, I'll put you to Death—Damme——— [*Going up to him.*

ARABELLA.

For Heaven's ſake! what's the Matter, Gentlemen?

TUKELY.

What can I do with this Fellow?

SOPHIA.

Madam, don't be alarm'd——this Affair will be very ſhort—I am always expeditious; and will cut his Throat, without ſhocking you in the leaſt:——Come, Sir, [*draws*] if you won't defend yourſelf, I muſt kick you about the Room, [*Advancing.*

TUKELY.

Reſpect for this Lady, and this Houſe, has curb'd my Reſentment hitherto: But as your Inſolence wou'd take Advantage of my Forbearance, I muſt correct it at all Events——— [*Draws.*

SOPHIA *and* ARABELLA.

Ha, ha, ha!

TUKELY.

What is all this? SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

What, would you ſet your Courage to a poor, weak Woman? You are a bold *Briton*, indeed!—Ha, ha, ha.

TUKELY.

What, *Sophia?*——

ARABELLA.

Sophia! No, no; ſhe is in a Hackney-Chair, you know, without a Servant, in her Pink Negligee—Ha, ha, ha.——

TUKELY.

I am aſtoniſh'd! and can ſcarce believe my own Eyes——What means this Metamorphoſis?

SOPHIA.

'Tis in Obedience to your Commands——Thus equipp'd, I have got Acceſs to *Daffodil*, and ſhall know whether your Picture of him is drawn by your Regard for me, or Reſentment to him——*I will ſound him, from his loweſt Note to the Top of his Compaſs.*

TUKELY.

Your Spirit tranſports me—This will be a buſy, and, I hope, a happy Day for me. I have appointed no leſs than five Ladies to meet me at the Widow *Damply*'s; to each of whom, as well as yourſelf, the accompliſh'd Mr. *Daffodil* has preſented his Heart; the Value of which I am reſolved to convince 'em of this Night, for the ſake of the whole Sex.

SOPHIA.

Pooh, pooh! that's the old Story—You are ſo prejudic'd.——

TUKELY.

I am afraid 'tis you who are prejudic'd, Madam; for if you will believe your own Eyes and Ears——

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

That I will, I assure you—I shall visit him immediately—He thinks me in the Country, and to confirm it, I'll write to him as from thence—But ask me no more Questions about what I have done, and what is to be done; for I have not a Moment to lose; and so, my good Friend *Tukely*, yours—— My dear *Bell*, I kiss your Hand—[*kisses her Hand*] You are a fine Woman, by Heav'ns! Here, *Joseppi*, *Brunello*, *Francesi*,—where are my Fellows there? Call me a Chair—*Viva l'Amòr*, *& Libertá*—

[*Exit singing.*

ARABELLA.

Ha, ha; there's a Spirit for you!——Well now, what do you stare at?—You cou'd not well desire more—O, fie, fie,—don't sigh, and bite your Fingers; rouze yourself, Man; set all your Wits to work; bring this faithless *Corydon* to Shame, and I'll be hang'd if the Prize is not yours—If she returns in Time, I'll bring her to the Widow *Damply*'s——

TUKELY.

Dear Miss *Arabella*——

ARABELLA.

Well, well; make me a fine Speech another Time. About your Business now——

TUKELY.

I fly—— [*Exit* TUKELY.

ARABELLA.

What a Couple of blind Fools has Love made of this poor Fellow, and my dear Cousin *Sophy?* Little do they imagine, with all their wise Discoveries, that *Daffodil* is as faithful a Lover, as he is an accomplish'd Gentleman—I pity these poor deceiv'd Women, with all my Heart—But how will they stare, when they find that he has artfully pretended a Regard for them, the better to conceal his real Passion

ſion for me—They will certainly tear my Eyes out; and what will Couſin *Sophy* ſay to me, when we are oblig'd to declare our Paſſion? No Matter what—'Tis the Fortune of War—And I ſhall only ſerve her, as ſhe and every other Friend wou'd ſerve me in the ſame Situation ——

A little cheating never is a Sin,
At Love or Cards—provided that you win.

[*Exit* ARAB.

Daffodil's *Lodgings.*

Enter DAFFODIL *and* RUFFLE.

DAFFODIL.

But are you ſure, *Ruffle*, that you deliver'd the Letter laſt Night, in the Manner I order'd you?

RUFFLE.

Exactly, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

And you are ſure that Mr. *Dotterel* ſaw you ſlip the Note into his Wife's Hand?

RUFFLE.

I have alarm'd him, and you may be aſſur'd, that he is as uneaſy as you wou'd wiſh to have him—But I ſhou'd be glad, with your Honour's Leave, to have a little ſerious Converſation with you; for my Mind forebodes much Peril to the Bones of your humble Servant, and very little Satisfaction to your Honour.

DAFFODIL.

Thou art a moſt incomprehenſible Blockhead——

RUFFLE.

No great Scholar, or Wit, indeed—but I can feel an Oak Sappling, as well as another—Ay, and I ſhou'd have felt one laſt Night, if I had not had the Heels of all Mr. *Dotterel*'s Family—I had the whole Pack after me—

DAF.

DAFFODIL.

And did not they catch you?

RUFFLE.

No, thank Heaven——

DAFFODIL.

You was not kick'd then?

RUFFLE.

No, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

Nor can'd?

RUFLLE.

No, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

Nor drag'd thro' a Horſe-pond?

RUFFLE.

O, Lord! No, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

That's unlucky——

RUFFLE.

Sir!

DAFFODIL.

You muſt go again, *Ruffle*, to Night, perhaps you may be in better Luck.

RUFFLE.

If I go again, Sir, may I be can'd, kick'd, and Horſe-ponded for my Pains—I believe I have been ucky enough to bring an old Houſe over your Head.

DAFFODIL.

What d'ye mean?

RUFFLE.

Mr. *Dotterel* only hobbled after me, to pay me r the Poſtage of your Letter; but being a little out f Wind, he ſoon ſtopt, to curſe and ſwear at me—

I cou'd

I cou'd hear him mutter ſomething of Scoundrel, and Pimp, and my Maſter, and Villain—and Blunderbuſs, and Saw-pit; and then he ſhook his Stick, and look'd like the Devil!

DAFFODIL.

Blunderbuſs, and Saw-pit! This Buſineſs grows a little ſerious, and ſo we will drop it—The Husband is ſo old and peeviſh, and ſhe ſo young and preſſing, that I'll give it up, *Ruffle*—The Town talks of us, and I am ſatisfied.

RUFFLE.

Pray Sir, with Submiſſion, for what End do you write to ſo many Ladies, and make ſuch a Rout about 'em; there are now upon the Liſt half a Dozen Maids, a Leaſh of Wives, and the Widow *Damply*. I know your Honour don't intend Miſchief; but what Pleaſure can you have in deceiving them, and the World? for you are thought a terrible young Gentleman.

DAFFODIL.

Why that Pleaſure, Booby.

RUFFLE.

I don't underſtand it—What do you intend to do with 'em all? Ruin 'em?

DAFFODIL.

Not I, faith.

RUFFLE.

But you'll ruin their Reputations.

DAFFODIL.

That's their Buſineſs—Not mine.

RUFFLE.

Will you marry any one of 'em?

DAFFODIL.

O, no; that wou'd be finiſhing the Game at once—If I preferr'd one, the Reſt wou'd take it ill;

ill; ſo becauſe I won't be particular, I give 'em all Hopes, without going a Step further.

RUFFLE.

Widows can't live upon ſuch ſlender Diet.

DAFFODIL.

A true Sportſman has no Pleaſure but in the Chace; the Game is always given to thoſe who have leſs Taſte, and better Stomachs.

RUFFLE.

I love to pick a Bit, I muſt confeſs—Really, Sir, I ſhou'd not care what became of half the Women you are pleas'd to be merry with——But Miſs *Sophy*, ſure, is a heavenly Creature, and deſerves better Treatment; and to make Love to her Couſin too, in the ſame Houſe——that is very cruel.

DAFFODIL.

But it amuſes one——beſides they are both fine Creatures. And how do I know, if I lov'd only one, but the other might poiſon herſelf?

RUFFLE.

And when they know that you have lov'd 'em both, they may poiſon one another——This Affair will make a great Noiſe.

DAFFODIL.

Or I have taken a great Deal of Pains for nothing; but no more prating, Sirrah; while I read my Letters, go and ask *Harry* what Cards and Meſſages he has taken in this Morning.

RUFFLE.

There is no mending him.

[*Exit* RUFFLE.

DAFFODIL.

[*Opens Letters*] This is from the Widow *Damply*——I know her Scrawl at a Mile's Diſtance——ſhe pretends that the Fright of her Husband's Death hurt her

her Nerves ſo, that her Hand has ſhook ever ſince—ha, ha, ha—It has hurt her Spelling too, for here is Joy with a G; ha! ha! poor Creature. [*Reads*] Hum—hum—hum—Well ſaid, Widow; ſhe ſpeaks plain, faith, and grows urgent——I muſt get quit of her——ſhe deſires a tête à tête; which, with Widows who have ſuffered much for the Loſs of their Husbands, is, as Capt. *Bobadil* ſays, a Service of Danger. So, I am off——[*Opens another*] What the Devil have we here? A Bill in Chancery: Oh, no! my Taylor's Bill — Sum Total 374*l.* 11*s.* 5½*d.* ——Indeed, Monſieur *Chicaneau*, this is a damn'd Bill, and you will be damn'd for making it—therefore, for the Good of your Soul, Monſ. *Chicaneau*, you muſt make another. [*tears it*] The *French* know their Conſequence, and uſe us accordingly. [*Opens another.*] This is from *Newmarket.*—[*Reads*]—

" *May it pleaſe your Honour,*

" I Wou'd not have you think of matching *Cherry-*
" *Derry* with *Gingerbread*; he is a terrible Horſe,
" and very covetous of his Ground —— I have chopt
" *Hurlothrumbo* for the *Roan Mare*, and fifty Pounds.
" Sir *Roger* has taken the Match off your Hands,
" which is a good Thing; for the Mare has the
" Diſtemper, and muſt have forfeited — I flung his
" Honour's Groom, tho' he was above an Hour in
" the Stable. The Nutmeg Grey, *Cuſtard*, is match'd
" with *Alderman*. *Alderman* has a good Wind, and
" will be too hard for *Cuſtard*.——

" *I am, your Honour's*
" *Moſt obedient Servant,*

" ROGER WHIP."

——*Whip*'s a Genius, and a good Servant. I have not as yet loſt above a Thouſand Pounds by my Horſes——But ſuch Luck can't always laſt.

Enter

Enter RUFFLE *with Cards.*

RUFFLE.

There's the Morning's Cargo, Sir.

[*Throws 'em down upon the Table.*

DAFFODIL.

Heigh Day! I can't read 'em in a Month; prithee, *Ruffle*, ſet down my Invitations from the Cards, according to their Date, and let me ſee 'em To-morrow Morning——So much Reading wou'd diſtract me.

RUFFLE.

And yet theſe are the only Books that Gentlemen read Now-a-Days. [*Aſide.*

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

And pleaſe your Honour, I forgot to tell you that there was a Gentleman here laſt Night—I've forgot his Name.

RUFFLE.

Old Mr. *Datterel*, perhaps.

SERVANT.

Old; no, no, he looks younger than his Honour—I believe he's mad, he can't ſtand ſtill a Moment; he firſt caper'd out of the Chair, and when I told him your Honour was not at Home, he caper'd into it again—ſaid he would call again, jabber'd ſomething, and away he went ſinging.

DAFFODIL.

'Tis the Marquis of *Macaroni*, I ſaw him at the *King*'s *Arms* Yeſterday; Admit him when he comes, *Harry*.

SERVANT.

I ſhall, your Honour——I can neither write or remember theſe outlandiſh Names.

[*Exit Servant.*

DAFFODIL.

Where is my Liſt of Women, *Ruffle*, and the Places of their Abode, that we may ſtrike off ſome, and add the new Acquiſitions?

RUFFLE.

What, alter again! I wrote it out fair but this Morning—There are quicker Succeſſions in your Honour's Liſt, than the Court-Calendar.

DAFFODIL.

Strike off Mrs. *Dotterel*, and the Widow *Damply*.

RUFFLE.

They are undone. [*Strikes 'em out.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A Lady, Mr. *Ruffle*, in a Chair, muſt ſpeak with you.

DAFFODIL.

Did ſhe ask for me?—See *Ruffle*, who it is.

[*Exit* RUFFLE.

SERVANT.

No, your Honour; but ſhe look'd quite *fluſtrated*.

DAFFODIL.

Well, go below, and be careful not to let any old Gentleman in this Morning—and d'ye hear, if any of the Neighbours ſhou'd inquire who the Lady is, you may ſay it is a Relation; and be ſure ſmile, do you hear? when you tell 'em ſo.

SERVANT.

I ſhall, your Honour——He, he, he, I am never melancholy. [*Exit Servant.*

DAFFODIL.

That Fellow's a Character.

Enter

Enter RUFFLE.

RUFFLE.

Sir, it is Mrs. *Dotterel*; she has had a terrible Quarrel with her Husband about your Letter, and has something to say of Consequence to you both—she must see you, she says.

DAFFODIL.

I won't see her—— Why wou'd you say that I was at Home——You know I hate to be alone with 'em, and she's so violent too——Well, well, shew her up—This is so unlucky——

RUFFLE.

He hates to see Duns he never intends to pay.

[*Exit.* RUFF.

DAFFODIL.

What shall I do with her? This is worse than meeting her Husband with a Blunderbuss in a Saw-pit.

Enter Mrs. DOTTEREL, *and* RUFFLE.

DAFFODIL.

Dear Mrs. *Dotterel*, this is so obliging——*Ruffle*, don't let a Soul come near me. [*Aloud*]—And harkee, don't leave us long together, and let every Body up that comes. [*Aside.*

RUFFLE.

What a Deal of Trouble here is about nothing.

[*Exit* RUFF.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

In the Name of Virtue, Mr. *Daffodil*, I hope you have not given any private Orders, that may in the least derogate from that absolute Confidence which I place in your Honour.

DAFFODIL.

You may be perfectly easy under this Roof, Madam. I hope, I am polite enough not to let my Pas-

ſions, of any Kind, run too great Lengths in my own Houſe.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Nothing but abſolute Neceſſity cou'd have made me take this imprudent Step——I am ready to faint with my Apprehenſions——Heigh ho!——

DAFFODIL.

Heav'n forbid!—I'll call for ſome Aſſiſtance.

[*Going to ring.*

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Let your Bell alone [*Stopping him*] You'r always calling for Aſſiſiſtance, I think—you never give one Time to come to ones ſelf—Mr. *Dotterel* has ſeen your Letter, and vows Vengeance and Deſtruction—Why wou'd you be ſo violent and imprudent?

DAFFODIL.

The Devil was in me, Madam; but I repent it from my Soul; it has cur'd me of being violent.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Come, come, don't take it too deeply neither; I thought it proper, at all Hazards, to let you know what had happen'd, and to intreat you, by that Affection you have ſworn to me, to be careful of my Reputation.

DAFFODIL.

That I will indeed, Madam; we can't be too careful.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Well, Mr. *Daffodil*, I am an unhappy Woman—married to one I cannot love; and loving one I ought to ſhun—It is a terrible Situation, Mr. *Daffodil*——

DAFFODIL.

It is indeed, Madam,—I am in a terrible one too—Wou'd I was well out of it. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Do you know, Mr. *Daffodil*, that if I had not been very

very religious, my Paſſions would have undone me—But you muſt give me Time, for nothing but that, and keeping the beſt Company, will ever conquer my Prejudices———

DAFFODIL.

I ſhould be very ungenerous not to allow you Time, Madam—three Weeks or a Month, I hope, will do the Buſineſs—Tho', by my Honour, I got the better of Mine in half the Time——What is *Ruffle* doing? [*Aſide.*

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

He's very cold, methinks; but I'll try him further—Lookee, Mr. *Daffodil*, you muſt curb your Paſſions, and keep your Diſtance—Fire is catching, and one does not know the Conſequences when once it begins to ſpread.

DAFFODIL.

As you ſay, Madam, Fire is a catching; 'tis dangerous to play with it; and as I am of the Tinder-Kind,—as one may ſay,—we had better,—as you ſay—Madam,—change the Subject—Pray did you ever hear of the Pug-dog that you advertis'd? It was a very pretty Creature—what was his Name, Madam?

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Daffodil, Sir! [*Stifling her Paſſion.*

DAFFODIL.

Madam!

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Could I love and eſteem any Thing, and not call it *Daffodil?*—What a Wretch! [*Aſide.*

DAFFODIL.

You do me Honour, Madam—I don't like her Looks, I muſt change the Diſcourſe [*Aſide.*] Upon my Soul, Mrs. *Dotterel*, this Struggle is too much for Man: My Paſſions are now tearing me to Pieces, and if you will ſtay, by Heav'n I will not anſwer for the Conſequences.

Mrs

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Conſequences! What Conſequences! Thou wretched, baſe, falſe, worthleſs Animal!

DAFFODIL.

You do me Honour. [*Bowing.*

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Canſt thou think that I am ſo blinded by my Paſſion, not to ſee thy treacherous, mean, unmanly Evaſions?—I have long ſuſpected your Infamy, and having this Proof of it, I cou'd ſtab your treacherous Heart, and my own weak one—Don't offer to ſtir, or ring your Bell, for, by Heav'ns, I'll———

[*Catches hold of him.*

DAFFODIL.

I ſtir! I am never ſo happy, as when I am in your Company.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Thou lieſt: Thou art never ſo happy as when thou art deceiving, and betraying our fooliſh Sex——and all for what? Why, for the poor Reputation of having that, which thou haſt neither Power nor Spirit to enjoy.

DAFFODIL.

Ha! I hear Somebody coming—Now for a Rapure [*Aſide.*] Talk not of Power or Spirit——Heav'n, that has made you fair, has made me ſtrong—O! forgive the Madneſs which your Beauty has occaſion'd.

[*Throws himſelf upon his Knees.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The Marquis of *Macaroons*— [*Exit Serv.*

Enter SOPHIA.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Ha! [*Screams.*] I am betray'd!———

[*They all ſtare, and* DAFFODIL *ſeemingly aſtoniſhed.*

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Mrs. *Dotterel*, by all that's virtuous——[*Aſide*] Signor *Daffodillo*——*reſto Confuſo*, tat I am com *ſi mal-a propoſito*.

DAFFODIL.

Dear Marquis, no Excuſe I beg—nothing at all—a Relation of mine—my Siſter only—Miſs *Daffodil*, this is, *il Mercheſe de Macaroni*, an Intimate of Sir *Charles Vainlove*'s—This was lucky [*Aſide*]—Well, then, my dear Siſter, I will wait upon you To-morrow, and ſettle the whole Affair. [*Aloud*] I am the moſt miſerable of Mortals, and have loſt the moſt precious Moments of my Life. [*Aſide to Mrs.* DOTT.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

You are a Villain——I deſpiſe you, and deteſt you——and will never ſee you more.

[*Exit Mrs.* DOTT.

DAFFODIL.

Ha, ha, ha!—My Siſter has a noble Spirit, my Lord.

SOPHIA.

Mi diſpiace infinamente—— it tisplis me, tat I haf *interrumpato, gli Affari* of you Famili.

DAFFODIL.

It is the old Family-buſineſs, my Lord; and ſo old, that, by my Honour, I am quite tir'd of it.

SOPHIA.

I hate him already. [*Aſide.*]—Signor *Daffodillo*, ſhe is *una beliſſima Sorella in Verità*, a very prit' Siſs' intit.

DAFFODIL.

I muſt confeſs to you, my Lord, that my Siſter is a young diſtreſs'd Damſel, married to an old Gentleman of the Neighbourhood, Ha, ha, ha.

SOPHIA.

O Cara Inghilterra! vat a fortunata Contreé is tis!

te olt Men marri de yong fine Girl, and te yong fine Girl viſite te yong Signors—*O, precioſa Libertà!*—

DAFFODIL.

Indeed, my Lord, Men of Faſhion here have ſome ſmall Privileges; we gather our Roſes without fear of Thorns—Husbands and Brothers don't deal in Poiſon and Stilletos, as they do with you.

SOPHIA.

Il noſtro amico, Signor *Carlo*, has tol me a toufant *Volti*, dat you vas de *Orlando Innamorato* himſelf.

DAFFODIL.

But not *Furioſo*, I can aſſure you, my Lord, Ha, ha, ha! I am for Variety, and Badinage, without Affection——Reputation is the great Ornament, and Eaſe the great Happineſs of Life——To ruin Women wou'd be troubleſome; to trifle and make Love to 'em amuſes one—I uſe my Women as daintily as my Tokay; I merely ſip of both, but more than half a Glaſs palls me.

SOPHIA.

Il mio proprio Guſto——*Tukely* is right; he's a Villain. [*Aſide*]—Signor *Daffodillo*; Vil you do me de Favor to give me Stranger, *una Introduzione* to ſome of your *Signorine*, let *voſtro amico* taſte a littel, *un Poco* of your *dulce* Tokay.

DAFFODIL.

O, Certamente!——I have half a hundred Signorines at your Service.

SOPHIA.

Multo obligato, Signor *Daffodillo*.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Here is a Letter for your Honour. [*Surlily.*

DAFFODIL.

What is the Matter with the Fellow?

SERVANT.

Matter, your Honour!—the Lady that went out juſt now, gave me ſuch a Souſe on the Ear, as I made my Bow to her, that I cou'd ſcarce tell, for a Minute, whether I had a Head or no.

DAFFODIL.

Ha! ha!—Poor Fellow!—there's Smart Money for you. [*Gives him Money.*]—[*Exit Servant.*]—Will your Lordſhip give me Leave?——

SOPHIA.

Senza Ceremonie——now for it. [*Aſide.*

DAFFODIL. *Reads.*

" SIR,

" I Shall return from the Country next Week, " and ſhall hope to meet you at Lady *Fanny* " *Pewit*'s Aſſembly next *Wedneſday*.

" *I am very much your humble Servant,*

" SOPHIA SPRIGHTLY."

——My Lord Marquis, here is a Letter has ſtarted Game for you already—the moſt lucky Thought imaginable.

SOPHIA.

Coſa é queſta—Coſa, é—vat is?

DAFFODIL.

There are two fine Girls you muſt know, Couſins, who live together; this is a Letter from one of 'em, *Sophia* is her Name——I have addreſs'd 'em both, but as Matters become a little ſerious on their Side

Side, I muſt raiſe a Jealouſy between the Friends; diſcover to one the Treachery of the other; and ſo in the Buſtle ſteal off as quietly as I can.

SOPHIA.

O! Spiritoſo Amico——I can ſcarce contain myſelf. [*Aſide.*

DAFFODIL.

Before the Mine is ſprung, I will introduce you into the Town.

SOPHIA.

You are great *Generaliſſimo in verità mà.* I feel *in miò Core* vat de poor *infelice* Sophia vil feel for de Loſs of Signor *Daffadillo.*

DAFFODIL.

Yes, poor Creature; I believe ſhe'll have a Pang or two——tender indeed! and I believe will be unhappy for ſome Time.

SOPHIA.

What a Monſter! [*Aſide.*

DAFFODIL.

You muſt dine with our Club to-day, where I will introduce you to more of Sir *Charles*'s Friends, all Men of Figure and Faſhion.

SOPHIA.

I muſt primo haf my Lettere, dat your *Amici* may be *aſſicurati* dat I am no *Impoſtore.*

DAFFODIL.

In the Name of Politeneſs, my Lord Marquis, don't mention your Letters again; none but a Juſtice of Peace, or a Conſtable, would ever ask for a Certificate of a Man's Birth, Parentage, and Education, Ha, ha, ha!

SOPHIA.

Viva, viva il Signor *Daffodillo!* You ſhall be il mio *Conduttorè in tutte le Partite* of Love and Pleaſure.

DAF-

DAFFODIL.

With all my Heart——You muſt give me Leave now, my Lord, to put on my Cloaths—— In the mean Time, if your Lordſhip will ſtep into my Study there, if you chuſe Muſic, there is a Guittar, and ſome *Venetian* Ballads; or, if you like reading, there's Infidelity, and baudy Novels for you——Call *Ruffle* there. [*Exit* DAFF.

SOPHIA.

[*Looking after him*] I am ſhock'd at him—He is really more abandon'd than *Tukely*'s Jealouſy deſcrib'd him—I have got my Proofs, and will not venture any further; I am vex'd that I ſhou'd be angry at him, when I ſhou'd only deſpiſe him—But I am *ſo* angry, that I cou'd almoſt wiſh myſelf a Man, that my Breeches might demand Satisfaction for the Injury he has done my Petticoats.——

Exit.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *Mrs.* DAMPLY's *Lodgings.*

Enter ARABELLA *and* SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

IN ſhort, his own Declarations, the unexpected Meeting of Mrs. *Dotterel*, his Uſage of my Letter, and twenty Things beſide, determin'd me not to go among the Set of 'em—So making the beſt Excuſe I cou'd, I got quit of him and his Companions.

ARABELLA.

All this may be true, *Sophy*——Every young Fellow has his Vanities; Faſhion has made ſuch Irregularities Accompliſhments, and the Man may be worth having, for all your Diſcoveries.

SOPHIA.

What! an abandon'd, raſh, profligate Male-Coquette; a Wretch, who can aſſume Paſſions he never feels, and ſport with our Sex's Frailties——Fie, fie, *Bell.*

ARABELLA.

Well, well, you are too angry to be merciful——If he is ſuch a Monſter, I am glad you are out of his Clutches, and that you can ſo eaſily reſign him to another.

SOPHIA.

To another! there is not that Woman, be ſhe ever ſo handſome, that I hate enough, to wiſh her ſo much Evil;

Evil; and happy it is for you, *Bell*, that you have a Heart to reſiſt his Allurements.

ARABELLA.

Yes, I thank my Stars——I am not ſo ſuſceptible of Impreſſions of that Kind——and yet——I won't ſwear——if an agreeable Man—I—I—

SOPHIA.

No, no, *Bell*, you are not abſolute Stone——you you may be mollified—She is confounded—— [*Aſide.*

ARABELLA.

Surely he has not betray'd me——'Tis impoſſible, I cannot be deceiv'd. [*Aſide.*

SOPHIA.

Well, ſhall we go in to the Ladies and Mr. *Tukely*? Were they not ſurpriz'd when he open'd the Buſineſs to 'em?

ARABELLA.

'Twas the fineſt Scene imaginable—You cou'd ſee, tho' they all endeavour'd to hide their Liking to *Daffodil*, all were uneaſy at *Tukely*'s Diſcovery. At firſt, they objected to his Scheme; but they began to liſten to his Propoſal the Moment I was call'd out to you; what farther he intends, is a Secret to us all; but here he comes, and without the Ladies.

Enter TUKELY:

TUKELY.

Pray, Miſs *Bell*—Bleſs me! Miſs *Sophy* return'd! I dare not ask—and yet if my Eyes do not flatter my Heart—your Looks——

SOPHIA.

Don't rely too much upon Looks, Mr. *Tukely*.

TUKELY.

Madam—why ſure——

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Don't imagine, I ſay, that you can always ſee the Mind in the Face.

TUKELY.

I can ſee, Madam, that your Mind is not diſpos'd to wiſh, or make me happy.

SOPHIA.

Did not I bid you not to rely upon Looks; for do you know now that my Mind is at this Time moſt abſolutely diſpos'd—to do every thing that you wou'd have me. [*Curtſys.*

TUKELY.

Then I have nothing more to wiſh or ask of Fortune. [*Kneels, and kiſſes her Hand.*

ARABELLA.

Come, come, this is no Time to attend to one, when you have ſo many Ladies to take Care of.

TUKELY.

I will not yet enquire into your Adventures, 'till I have accompliſh'd my own. The Ladies within have at laſt agreed, to attend me this Evening; where, if you have a Mind to finiſh the Picture you have begun this Morning, an Opportunity may offer.

SOPHIA.

I am contented with my Sketch—However, I'll make one; and if you have an Occaſion for a Second in any thing—I am your Man—command me.

TUKELY.

A Match—from this Moment I take you as my Second; nay, my Firſt in every Circumſtance of our future Lives.

ARABELLA.

Mighty pretty, truly!—and ſo I am to ſtand cooling my Heels here, while you are making yourſelves ridiculous.

SOPHIA

SOPHIA:

Bell's in the Right—to Buſineſs, to Buſineſs—— Mr. *Tukeley*, you muſt introduce me to the Ladies; I can at leaſt make as good a Figure as Mr. *Daffodil* among 'em.

[*Exit* Sophia *and* Tukely.

ARABELLA.

When *Daffodil*'s real Inclinations are known, how thoſe poor Wretches will be diſappointed.

[*Exit* Arab.

SCENE, *The Club-Room.*

Lord RACKET, Sir TAN-TIVY, *Sir* WILLIAM WHISTER, SPINNER *writing, and* DAFFODIL. [*Waiter behind.*

DAFFODIL.

What do you ſay, my Lord, that I don't do it in an Hour?

Lord RACKET.

Not in an Hour and Half, *George.*

DAFFODIL.

Done with you, my Lord—I'll take your Seven to Five—Seventy Poud to Fifty.

Lord RACKET.

Done——I'll lay the Odds again, with you, Sir *William*—and with you, Sir *Tivy.*

Sir WILLIAM.

Not I, faith;——*Daffodil* has too many fine Women——he'll never do it.

DAF.

DAFFODIL.

I'll go into the Country for a Week, and not a Petticoat ſhal come near me——I'll take the Odds again.

Sir TAN-TIVY.

Done, *Daffodil.*

Lord RACKET.

You are to hop upon one Leg, without changing, mind that——Set it down, *Spinner.*

SPINNER.

I have——Shall I read it?

Lord RACKET.

Silence in the Court.

SPINNER.

Reads.] "Lord *Racket* has betted 70 Pounds to 50, "with the Honourable *George Daffodil*— "that the Latter does not walk from "*Bukingham-Gate*, to the *Bun-houſe*, at "*Chelſea*—eat a Bun there, run back to "the Turnpike, and from thence hop "upon one Leg, with the other tied to "the Cue of his Wig, to *Buckingham-Gate* "again, in an Hour and Half.

DAFFODIL.

I ſay, done——

Lord RACKET.

And done.

Sir WILLIAM.

Conſider your Women——you'll never do it, *George.*

DAFFODIL.

Not do it! [*hops*] Why, I'll get a *Chelſea* Penſioner ſhall do it in an Hour, with his wooden Leg——What Day ſhall we fix for it?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

The firſt of *April*, to be ſure.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha.——

Lord RACKET.

Come, *Daffodil*, read the Betts and Matches of To-day——then let us finiſh our *Champaigne*, and go to the Opera.

DAFFODIL.

Reads.] "*March* 24, 1757, Sir *Tan-Tivy*, has pitted "Lady *Pettitoe*, againſt Dowager Lady "*Periwinkle*, with Sir *William Whiſter*, "for 500 *l.*— I'll pit my Uncle, Lord "*Chalkſtone*, againſt 'em both."

Sir TAN-TIVY.

Done.

Lord RACKET.

The Odds are againſt you, *Daffodil*——my Lord has got to plain *Nantz* now every Morning.

DAFFODIL.

And the Ladies have been at it to my Knowledge, this half Year.

DAFFODIL.

Good, again, *George*.

Sir WILLIAM.

"The Honourable *George Daffodil*, has bet-"ted one hundred Pound, with Sir *Wil-*"*liam Whiſter*, that he produces a Gen-"tleman, before the 5th of *June* next, "that ſhall live for five Days ſucceſſively, "without Eating, Drinking, or Sleep-"ing."——

Sir WILLIAM.

He muſt have no Books, *George*.

DAFFODIL.

No, no; the Gentleman I mean can't read.

Sir WILLIAM.

'Tis not yourſelf, *George!*

OMNES.

Ha, ha, ha; 'tis impoſſible, it muſt kill him.

DAFFODIL.

Why, then I loſe my Bet.

Reads.] "Lord *Racket* has match'd Sir *Joſlin Jolly* "againſt Major *Calipaſh*, with Sir *Tan-* "*Tivy*, to run fifty Yards upon the *Mall* "after Dinner, if either tumbles, the Wa- "ges is loſt—for Fifty Pounds.

SPINNER.

I'll lay Fifty more, neither of 'em run the Ground in Half an Hour.

DAFFODIL.

Not in an Hour.

Sir TAN-TIVY.

Done, *Daffodil*—I'll bet you a Hundred of that.

DAFFODIL.

Done, Baronet; I'll double it, if you will.

Sir TAN-TIVY.

With all my Heart—Book it, *Spinner.*

[Spinner *writes.*

Lord RACKET.

You'll certainly loſe, *George.*

DAFFODIL.

Impoſſible, my Lord; Sir *Joſlin* is damnably out of Wind.

Lord RACKET.

What, Aſthmatic?

DAFFODIL.

No, quite cur'd of his Aſthma——he dy'd Yeſterday Morning——Bite.

ALL

ALL.

Bravo, *George*.

Lord RACKET.

Now you talk of dying—how does your Couſin *Dizzy?*

DAFFODIL.

Lingers on—better and worſe —— Lives upon Aſſes Milk, Panada, and Eringo Root.

Lord RACKET.

You'll have a fine Wind-fall there, *George*—a good Two Thouſand a Year.

DAFFODIL.

'Tis better, my Lord; but I love *Dick* ſo well, and have had ſo many Obligations to him—he ſav'd my Life once —— that I cou'd wiſh him better Health.

Sir WILLIAM.

Or in a better Place—there's deviliſh fine Timber in *Staunton* Woods.

Sir TAN-TIVY.

Down with 'em, *Daffodil.*

Lord RACKET.

But let *Dizzy* drop firſt——a little Blaſt will fell him.

Enter DIZZY.

DIZZY.

Not ſo little as you may imagine, my Lord—hugh, hugh—— [*Coughs.*

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha.

DAFFODIL.

Angels and Miniſters! what Couſin! We were got among your Trees.

DIZZY.

You are heartily welcome to any one of 'em, Gentlemen, for a proper Purpoſe——hugh, hugh.

Lord RACKET.

Well ſaid, *Dick*. How quick his Wit, and how youthful the Rogue looks!

DAFFODIL.

Bloomy and plump——the Country Air is a fine Thing, my Lord—

DIZZY.

Well, well, be as jocular as you pleaſe; I am not ſo ill, as you may wiſh, or imagine;——I can walk to *Knightsbridge* in an Hour, for a Hundred Pound.

Lord RACKET.

I bet you a Hundred of that, *Dizzy*.

DAFFODIL.

I'll lay you a Hundred, *Dick*, that I drive a Sow and Pigs to your Lodgings, before you can get there.

DIZZY.

Done, I ſay; [*Draws his Purſe.*] Done—Two Hundred——done—Three.

Lord RACKET.

I'll take *Dizzy*, againſt your Sow and Pigs.

Sir WILLIAM.

I take the Field againſt *Dizzy*.

Lord RACKET.

Done.

SPINNER.

Done.

DIZZY.

Damn your Sow and Pigs; I am ſo ſick with the Thoughts of rnning with 'em, that I ſhall certainly faint—[*Smells to a Bottle*]—hugh, hugh——

DAF-

DAFFODIL.

Couſin *Dizzy* can't bear the Mention of Pork—he hates it——I knew it would work.

[*Aſide to the reſt.*

DIZZY.

I wiſh you had not mention'd it——I can't ſtay ——Damn your Sow and Pigs—Here, Waiter, call a Chair—Damn your Sow and Pigs!—hugh, hugh.

[*Exit* Dizzy.

DAFFODIL.

Poor *Dizzy*——What a Paſſion he is in!—Ha, ha, ha.

Lord RACKET.

The Woods are yours, *George*; you may whet the Axe——*Dizzy* won't live a Month.

DAFFODIL.

Pooh, this is nothing—he was always weakly—

Sir WILLIAM.

'Tis a Family Misfortune, *Daffodil.*

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.

Mr. *Dizzy*, Gentlemen, dropp'd down at the Stair Foot, and the Cook has carried him behind the Bar.

DAFFODIL.

Lay him upon a Bed, and he'll come to himſelf.

[*Exit* Waiter.

Lord RACKET.

I'll bet Fifty Pound, that he don't live till Morning.

Sir WILLIAM.

I'll lay Six to Four, he don't live a Week.

DAFFODIL.

I'll take your Fifty Pound.

SPINNER.

I'll take your Lordſhip again.

Lord RACKET.

Done, with you both.

Sir TAN-TIVY.

I'll take it again.

Lord RACKET.

Done, done, done;——but I bar all Aſſiſtance to him——Not a Phyſician, or Surgeon ſent for——or I am off.

DAFFODIL.

No, no; we are upon Honour——There ſhall be none, elſe it wou'd be a bubble Bet.—There ſhall be none.

Sir WILLIAM.

If I were my Lord, now, the Phyſicians ſhould attend him.

Enter WAITER, *with a Letter.*

WAITER.

A Letter for his Honour— [*Gives it to* Daff.

[Daffodil *reads it to himſelf.*

Sir WILLIAM.

Daffodil, remember the Firſt of *April*—— and let the Women alone.

DAFFODIL.

Upon my Soul you have hit it——'tis a Woman, faith—Something very particular, and if you are in Spirits for a Scheme——

Lord RACKET.

Ay, ay; come, come; a Scheme, a Scheme!

DAFFODIL.

There then, have among you.

[*Throws the Letter upon the Table.*

Lord RACKET.

Reads, all looking on.] Hum—"If the liking your "Perſon be a Sin, what Woman is not guilty?—hum "hum——at the End of the *Bird-cage Walk*——

"about

" about Seven—where the Darkneſs and Privacy will
" befriend my Bluſhes; I will convince you, what
" Truſt I have in your Secrecy and Honour—
" Yours, INCOGNITA."

DAFFODIL.

Will you go?

Lord RACKET.

What do you propoſe?

DAFFODIL.

To go——If after I have been with her half an Hour, you'll come upon us—and have a Blow up.

Sir WILLIAM.

There's a Gallant for you!

DAFFODIL.

Prithee, Sir *William*, be quiet—muſt a Man be in Love with every Woman that invites him!

Sir WILLIAM.

No; but he ſhould be honourable to 'em, *George*—and rather conceal a Woman's Weakneſs, than expoſe it—I hate this Work—ſo, I'll go to the Coffee-houſe. [*Exit Sir* William.

Lord RACKET.

Let him go—don't mind him, *George*; he's married, and paſt fifty—this will be a fine Frolic—Deviliſh high——

DAFFODIL.

Very!—Well, I'll go and prepare myſelf—put on my Surtout, and take my Chair to *Buckingham-Gate*—I know the very Spot.

Lord RACKET.

We'll come with Flambeaux—you muſt be ſurpris'd, and—

DAFFODIL.

I know what to do—Here, Waiter, Waiter;

Enter WAITER.

How does Couſin *Dizzy?*

WAITER.

Quite recover'd, Sir;—he is in the *Phœnix*, with two Ladies, and has order'd a boil'd Chicken and Jellies.

Lord RACKET.

There's a Blood for you!—without a Drop in his Veins.

DAFFODIL.

Do you ſtay with him, then, till I have ſecur'd my Lady; and in Half an Hour from this Time come away, and bring *Dizzy* with you.

Lord RACKET.

If he'll leave the Ladies—Don't the *Italian* Marquis dine with us To-morrow?

DAFFODIL.

Certainly.

Lord RACKET.

Well, do you mind your Buſineſs—and I'll ſpeak to the Cook to ſhew his Genius—Allons!

[*Exit* Daff.

Lord RACKET.

Tom, bid the Cook attend me To-morrow Morning, on ſpecial Affairs— [*Exit Lord* Racket, *&c.*

2d WAITER.

I ſhall, my Lord.

1ſt WAITER.

I'll lay you, *Tom*, Five Six-pences to Three, that my Lord wins his Bett with his Honour *Daffodil*.

—2d WAITER.

Done with you *Harry*—I'll take your Half Crown to Eighteen-pence—— [*Bell rings within.*

1ſt WAITER.

Coming, Sir;——I'll make it Shillings, *Tom*.

2d WAITER.

2d WAITER.

No, *Harry*, you've the beſt on't. [*Bell rings.*] Coming, Sir. I'll take Five Shillings to Two. [*Bell rings*] Coming, Sir.——

1ſt WAITER.

Coming, Sir.—— No, Five to Three.

2d WAITER.

Shillings?——Coming, Sir.

1ſt WAITER.

No—Sixpences ——

2d WAITER.

Done——Sixpences. [*Bell rings.*] Here, Sir.

1ſt WAITER.

And done. [*Bell rings.*] Coming, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARABELLA, *Mrs.* DAMPLY, *Lady* FAN. PEWIT, *Mrs.* DOTTEREL, TUKELY *in Womens Cloaths, and* SOPHIA *in Mens.*

Ladies ALL.

Ha, ha, ha.

ARABELLA.

What a Figure! And what a Scheme.

TUKELY.

Dear Ladies, be as merry with my Figure as you pleaſe——Yet you ſhall ſee, this Figure, awkward as it is, ſhall be preferr'd in its Turn, as well as you have been.

SOPHIA.

Why will you give yourſelf this unneceſſary Trouble, Mr. *Tukely*, to convince theſe Ladies, who had rather ſtill be deluded, and will hate your Friendſhip for breaking the Charm.

ARABELLA.

My dear Couſin, tho' you are ſatisfied, theſe Ladies are not; and if they have their particular Reaſons for their Infidelity; pray, let 'em enjoy it, 'till they have other Proofs than your Prejudices.

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Ay, *Bell*, we have all our Prejudices.

TUKELY.

What ſignifies reaſoning, when we are going upon the Experiment? Diſpoſe of yourſelves behind thoſe Trees, and I will repair to the Place of Appointment, and draw him hither; but you promiſe to contain yourſelves, let what will happen. Hear, and ſee; but be ſilent. —— [*Exit* TUKELY.

SOPHIA.

A ſevere Injunction, indeed, Ladies — But I muſt to my Poſt. [*Exit.* SOP.

Widow DAMPLY.

If he's a Villain, I can never hold!

Lady PEWIT.

I ſhall tear his Eyes out.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

For my Part, if I was unmarried, I ſhould not think him worth my Anger.

ARABELLA.

But as you are, Madam ——

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

I underſtand your Inſinuations, Miſs *Bell*; but my Character and Conduct need no Juſtification.

ARABELLA.

I beg Pardon, Madam; I intended no Offence.— But haſte to your Poſts, Ladies; the Enemy's at Hand. [*They retire behind the Trees.*

Enter TUKELY *and* DAFFODIL.

TUKELY.

In a Woman's Voice.] For Heaven's Sake, let us be cautious —— I am ſure I heard a Noiſe.

DAF

DAFFODIL.

'Twas nothing but your Fear, my Angel! —— don't be alarm'd —— There can be no Danger, while we have Love and Darkneſs to befriend us.

TUKELY.

Bleſs me, how my Heart beats!

DAFFODIL.

Poor Soul! what a Fright it is in!——You muſt not give Way to theſe Alarms —— Were you as well convinc'd of my Honour, as I am of your Charms, you wou'd have nothing to fear—

[*Squeezes her Hand.*

ARABELLA.

Upon my Word!— [*Aſide.*

Widow DAMPLY.

So, ſo, ſo, [*Aſide.*

TUKELY.

Hold, Sir, you muſt take no Liberties —— But, if you have the leaſt Feeling for an unhappy Woman, urg'd by her Paſſion to this imprudent Step, aſſiſt me — forgive me — let me go.

DAFFODIL.

Can you doubt my Honour? Can you doubt my Love? What Aſſurances can I give you to abate your Fears?

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Very ſlender Ones, I can aſſure her. [*Aſide.*

TUKELY.

I deſerve to ſuffer all I feel —— For what, but the moſt blinded Paſſion, cou'd induce me to declare myſelf to one, whoſe Amours and Infidelities are the common Topic of Converſation.

DAFFODIL.

Flattering Creature! [*Aſide.*] —— May I never know your dear Name, ſee your charming Face, touch your ſoft Hand, or hear your ſweet Voice, if I am not more ſincere in my Affection for this little Finger, than for all the Sex beſides.

[*The Ladies ſeem aſtoniſh'd.*

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

Except the Widow *Damply*——

DAFFODIL.

She! —— Do you know her, Madam?

TUKELY.

I have not that Honour ——

DAFFODIL.

I thought ſo—Did you never ſee her, Madam, nodling and gogling in her Old-faſhion'd heavy Chariot, drawn by a pair of lean hackney Horſes, with a fat Blackamoor Footman behind, in a ſcanty Livery, Red greaſy Stockings, and a dirty Turban?

[*The Widow ſeems diſorder'd.*

TUKELY.

All which may be only a Foil to her Beauty.

[*Sighs.*

DAFFODIL.

Beauty! Don't ſigh, Madam; ſhe is paſt Forty, wears a Wig, and has loſt two of her fore Teeth. —— And then, ſhe has ſo long a Beard upon her upper Lip, and takes ſo much *Spaniſh* Snuff, that ſhe looks, for all the World, like the *Great Mogul* in Petticoats; ha, ha,—

Widow DAMPLY.

What Falſhood and Ingratitude! [*Aſide.*

TUKELY.

Cou'd I deſcend to the Slander of the Town, there is a married Lady—

DAFFODIL.

Poor Mrs. *Dotterel*, you mean ——

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Why am I to be mentioned! —— I have nothing to do ——

Widow DAMPLY.

Nay, nay; you muſt have your Share of the Panegyrick.

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

She is young, and has Wit.

DAFFODIL.

She's an Ideot, Madam; and as Fools are generally loving, ſhe has forgot all her Obligations to old Mr. *Dotterel*, who married her without a Petticoat; and now ſeizes upon every young Fellow ſhe can lay her Hands upon; ſhe has ſpoil'd me three Suits of Cloaths, with tearing the Flaps and Sleeves. ——Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Monſter of Iniquity!——

DAFFODIL.

She has even ſtorm'd me in my own Houſe; but with all my Faults, Madam, you'll never find me over-fond of Age, or Ignorance.

Widow DAMPLY.

I cou'd tear him to Pieces.——

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

I will tear him to Pieces.

ARABELLA.

Be quiet——and we'll all tear him to Pieces.

TUKELY.

He has ſwallow'd the Hook, and can't eſcape. [*Aſide.*

DAFFODIL.

What do you ſay, Madam?

TUKELY.

I am only ſighing, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

Fond Creature! [*Aſide.*] I know there are a thouand Stories about me: You have heard too of Lady *Fanny Pewit*, I ſuppoſe? Don't be alarm'd.

TUKELY.

I can't help it, Sir. She is a fine Woman, and Woman of Quality. DAF-

DAFFODIL.

A fine Woman, perhaps, for a Woman of Quality—but ſhe is an abſolute old Maid, Madam, almoſt as thick as ſhe is long—middle-aged, homely and wanton! That's her Character.

Lady PEWIT.

Then there is no Sincerity in Man. [*Going.*

ARABELLA.

Poſitively, you ſhan't ſtir.

DAFFODIL.

Upon my Soul, I pity the poor Creature! —— She is now upon her laſt Legs. —— If ſhe does not run away with ſome fooliſh Gentleman this Winter —— She'll return into the Country, and marry her Footman. —— Ha, ha, ha.

Lady PEWIT.

My Footman ſhall break his Bones, I can tell him that.

DAFFODIL.

Huſh, Madam! I proteſt, I thought I heard a Voice—I wonder they don't come. [*Aſide.*

TUKELY.

'Twas only I, Mr. *Daffodil*—I was murmuring to you. [*Sighs.*

DAFFODIL.

Pretty Murmurer! —— Egad, if they don't come ſoon, the Lady will grow fond. [*Aſide.*

TUKELY.

But among your Conqueſts, Mr. *Daffodil*, you forget Miſs *Sophy Sprightly.*

DAFFODIL.

And her Couſin *Arabella.* —— I was coming to 'em; poor, ſilly, good-natur'd, loving Fools;—— I made my Addreſſes to one thro' Pique, and the other for Pity —— That was all.

TUKELY

TUKELY.

O, that I could believe you.

DAFFODIL.

Don't be uneaſy, I'll tell you how it was, Madam—You muſt know, there is a ſilly, ſelf-ſufficient Fellow, one *Tukely* ——

TUKELY.

So, ſo, [*Aſide.*] I know him a little.

DAFFODIL.

I am ſorry for it —— The leſs you know of him the better; the Fellow pretended to look fierce at me, for which I reſolv'd to have his Miſtreſs: So I threw in my Line, and without much Trouble, hook'd her. Her poor Couſin too, nibbled at the Bait, and was caught. —— So I have had my Revenge upon *Tukely*, and now I ſhall willingly reſign poor *Sophy*, and throw him in her Couſin, for a Make-Weight. —— Ha, ha, ha!

Lady PEWIT.

This is ſome Comfort at leaſt.

ARABELLA.

Your Ladyſhip is better than you was.

[*Noiſe without.*

TUKELY.

I vow I hear a Noiſe.——What ſhall we do? It comes this Way.

DAFFODIL.

They can't ſee us, my Dear. — I wiſh my Friends would come. [*Aſide.*] Don't whiſper or breath.

Enter SOPHIA, *in a Surtout, and ſlouch'd Hat.*

SOPHIA.

If I cou'd but catch her at her Pranks——ſhe certainly muſt be this Way——for the Chair is waiting

waiting at the End of *Roſamond*'s Pond—— I have thrown one of her Chairmen into it——and if I cou'd but catch her———

TUKELY.

O, Sir! My Paſſion has undone me——I am diſcover'd; it is my Husband, Sir *George*, and he is looking for me——

DAFFODIL.

The Devil it is! Why then, Madam, the beſt Way will be for you to go to him——and let me ſneak off the other Way.

TUKELY.

Go to him, Sir! What can I ſay to him?

DAFFODIL.

Any Thing, Madam—ſay you had the Vapours, and wanted Air.

TUKELY.

Lord, Sir!——he is the moſt paſſionate of Mortals; and I am afraid is in Liquor too—and then he is mad.

SOPHIA.

If I cou'd but catch her——— [*Looking about.*

DAFFODIL.

For your Sake, Madam, I'll make the beſt of my Way Home—— [*Going.*

TUKELY.

What! wou'd you leave me to the Fury of an enrag'd Husband!—Is that your Affection.

[*Holds him.*

SOPHIA.

If I cou'd but catch her—Ha! what's that? I ſaw ſomething move in the Dark——the Point of my Sword ſhall tickle it out, whatever it is.

[*Draws, and goes towards 'em.*

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

For Heaven's Sake draw, and fight him, while I make my Eſcape.

DAFFODIL.

Fight him!——'twou'd be cowardly to fight in the Dark, and with a drunken Man——I'll call the Sentery.

TUKELY.

And expoſe us to the World?

DAFFODIL.

I wou'd to Heav'n we were [*Aſide*]—[*He comes forward.*] Let me go, Madam, you pinch me to the Bone.

TUKELY.

He won't know us——I have my Maſque on.

LADIES.

Ha! ha! ha!

SOPHIA.

What, is the Devil and his Imps playing at Blind-man's Buff?——Ay, ay, here he is, indeed—Satan himſelf, dreſs'd like a fine Gentleman——Come, Mr. Devil, out with your Pitch-fork, and let us take a Thruſt or two.

DAFFODIL.

You miſtake me, Sir, I am not the Perſon——indeed, I am not——I know nothing of your Wife, Sir *George*—and if you know how little I care for the whole Sex, you wou'd not be ſo furious with an innocent Man.

SOPHIA.

Who are you then?——And what are you doing with that Blackamoor Lady there——dancing a Sataband with a Pair of Caſtanets? Speak, Sir!

DAFFODIL.

Pray forbear, Sir; here's Company coming that will ſatisfie you in every Thing——Hallo, hallo——

Here, here, here; [*Hallo's faintly*] my Lord, my my Lord——*Spinner*, *Dizzy*—Hallo!

Enter Lord RACKET, *Sir* TAN-TIVY, SPINNER, *and* DIZZY, *with Torches.*

Lord RACKET.

What's the Matter here?—Who calls for Help?

DAFFODIL.

[*Running to 'em with his Sword drawn*] O, my Friends, I have been wiſhing for you this half Hour. I have been ſet upon by a dozen Fellows——They have all made their Eſcape, but this——My Arm is quite dead——I have been at Cart and Tierce with 'em all, for near a Quarter of an Hour.

SOPHIA.

In Buckram, my Lord!—He was got with my Property here, and I wou'd have chaſtis'd him for it, if your Coming had not prevented it.

DAFFODIL.

Let us throw the Raſcal into *Roſamond*'s Pond.

Lord RACKET.

Come Sir, can you ſwim?

[*All going up.* TUKELY *ſnatches* SOPHIA's *Sword, and ſhe runs behind him.*

TUKELY.

I'll defend you, my Dear—— What, wou'd you murder a Man, and lie with his Wife too?—— Oh! you are a wicked Gentleman, Mr. *Daffodil.*

[*Attacks* DAFF.

DAFFODIL.

Why, the Devil's in the Woman, I think.

[*All the Ladies advance from behind.*

LADIES.

Ha, ha, ha! your humble Servant, Mr. *Daffodil*—Ha, ha, ha. [*Courtſying.*

DAF-

DAFFODIL.

This is all Enchantment!

Lady PEWIT.

No, Sir, the Enchantment is broke——and the old Maid, Sir, homely and wanton, before ſhe retires into the Country, has the Satisfaction of knowing that the agreeable Mr. *Daffodil* is a much more contemptible Mortal, than the Footman which his Goodneſs has been pleas'd to marry her to.

LADIES.

Ha, ha, ha.

Widow DAMPLY.

Wou'd Mr. *Daffodil* pleaſe to have a Pinch of *Spaniſh* Snuff, out of the *Great Mogul*'s Box? 'Tis the beſt Thing in the World for low Spirits.

[*Offers her Box.*

LADIES.

Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

If a Fool may not be permitted to ſpeak, Mr. *Daffodil*, let her at leaſt be permitted to laugh at ſo fine a Gentleman—Ha, ha, ha.

ARABELLA.

Were you as ſenſible of Shame, as you are of Fear, the Sight of me, whom you lov'd for Pity, wou'd be Revenge ſufficient—But I can forgive your Baſeneſs to me, much eaſier than I can myſelf, for my Behaviour to this happy Couple.

DAFFODIL.

Who the Devil are they?

ARABELLA.

The Marquiſs and Marchioneſs of *Macaroni*, Ladies—Ha ha.

SOPHIA.

Ha! Mio Carriſſimo Amico, il Signior *Daffodillo!*

DAFFODIL.

How! *Tukely* and *Sophia!*—If I don't wake ſoon, I ſhall wiſh never to wake again.

SOPHIA.

Who bids faireſt now for *Roſamond*'s Pond?

Lord

Lord RACKET.

What, in the Name of Wonder, is all this Buſineſs? I don't underſtand it.

DIZZY.

Nor I neither; but 'tis very drole, faith.

TUKELY.

The Myſtery will clear in a Moment.

DAFFODIL.

Don't give yourſelf any Trouble, Mr. *Tukely*. Things are pretty clear as they are —— The Night's cool, and my Couſin *Dizzy*, here, is an Invalid— If you pleaſe, another Time, when there is leſs Company, [*Ladies laugh*] — The Ladies are pleas'd to be merry, and you are pleas'd to be a little angry; and ſo, for the Sake of Tranquility—I'll go to the Opera.

[DAFF. *ſneaking out by Degrees.*

Lord RACKET.

This is a fine blow-up, indeed! Ladies, your humble Servant—Hallo! *Daffodil*,

[*Exit Lord* RACK.

DIZZY.

I'll lay you a Hundred, that my Couſin never intrigues again—*George! George!* Don't run—hugh, hugh——, [*Exit* DIZ.

TUKELY.

As my Satisfaction is compleat, I have none to ask of Mr. *Daffodil*. I forgive his Behaviour to me, as it has haſten'd and confirm'd my Happineſs here. [*To* Sophia.]—But as a Friend to you, Ladies, I ſhall inſiſt upon his making you ample Satisfaction—However, this Benefit will ariſe, that you will hereafter equally deteſt and ſhun theſe Deſtroyers of your Reputation——

In You *Coquettry is a Loſs of Fame;*
But in Our *Sex, 'tis that deteſted Name,*
That marks the Want of Manhood, Virtue, Senſe, and Shame.

FINIS.